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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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An Inquiry Into Quaker Pacifism

MARGOT TIBBITS
Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

I. *Who Are the Quakers?*

THE BELIEF IN THE "INNER LIGHT," OR THAT OF GOD IN every man, is the chief characteristic of the religious Society of Friends (Quakers).

Quaker children are taken to Meeting and taught to sit quietly in the midst of the silent prayerful waiting which is characteristic of Quaker worship. In the intense stillness of Meeting, children may think their own thoughts, count windowpanes, study the serene face of one of the ministers or elders seated on the slightly elevated facing bench, or watch some other child. However he passes the time, a child cannot help but at some time be sensitized and wonder what God is and what his life should be. Learning to sit quietly and catch the sense of expectancy in those about him, produces in many people a tenderness and sensitiveness to inward need, to the scruples of conscience, and to a way of opening one's heart to God.

George Fox, motivating force in the movement which became the religious Society of Friends; Robert Barclay, theologian; William Penn, governor of the Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania; and John Woolman, energetic American Quaker who showed great sympathy for the oppressed negroes and Indians, are only four of the many early Quakers who made real contributions to their faith and civilization. For a much more detailed account of the religious Society of Friends the reader is referred to Russell's *The History of Quakerism*.

II. *What Do Friends Believe?*

The Light within is not conscience but rather that which shines into conscience. Conscience is influenced by training and environment as well as by the Light. For this reason it may reveal one way of behaving to one person and another way to another person. The individual must therefore educate and enlighten his conscience by sensitizing himself to the Light of Truth in his soul. This process of sensitizing conscience takes place most thoroughly in a meeting for worship. . . . Because clearer and clearer knowledge may be progressively attained as the virtue of obedience grows, Friends have never declared any doctrine to be a final and unalterable creed.¹

George Fox and his co-workers had no system of theology, but the next generation gave theological expression to Quakerism. Penn, Barclay, and others had a Calvinist background but were more optimistic as to the purposes

¹ Howard H. Brinton, *The Peace Testimony of the Society of Friends* (American Friends Service Committee, n. d.), p. 6.

of God and man. Calvinist ideas of the power of the devil and hopelessness of man were replaced by a conception of a God of redeeming love, who did not hold men guilty for an ancestor's sin. Their faith in divine power was faith in the efficacy of the spiritual forces of truth, righteousness, justice, goodwill, and love. Because of this faith and because they believe that an evil cannot be overcome by an evil, Quakers would not resort to physical force even to try to promote good causes. The highest religious authority for belief and conduct of Quakers is within the individual rather than the force of an institution, person, or book.²

The underlying belief of the Society of Friends is that if men seek first to know God's will and the companionship of His spirit, the Light of Christ within will give an immediate sense of His presence and a revelation of His will. Naturally, God's revelation varies according to man's capacity to receive it and the eagerness with which it is sought. Proof to the Quaker of the fact that it is one and the same Spirit which speaks to every man and that there is a "Seed of God" in every man is the general harmony of these various revelations and the same direction in which they tend.³

Friends believe that worship is not a matter of time, place or form, but of a worshiping spirit. The Quaker ministry is essentially a lay ministry open to anyone and exercised as the "Inner Light" moves.⁴ As this "Inner Light" is an experience rather than a theological idea to Friends, they do not give it an exact theological definition. One meaning of it stands for a God knowable to and within men. This indicates that communion with God cannot be restricted to times or places, nor limited to the mediation of a priestly class nor to a particular ritual nor to sacramental objects. God is a spirit and the only essential condition for communion with him is a true or right spirit. In the seventeenth century, when Quakerism began, this was considered a radical and heretical attitude as church buildings were supposed to be holy ground and the only place where public worship could be performed; special days were holy days, and the church, priests, and sacraments provided necessary mediation between God and man. Friends do not deny that God can be worshiped by such aids, but they believe that the only way to prove that religious life is possible without these aids is to discontinue using them.

A second meaning of the "Inner Light" is the capacity in all men to perceive, recognize, and respond to God's truth, love, and will. As everyone has access to God, everyone is potentially a child of God and of equal value in His sight. This Quaker belief contradicts the Calvinist teaching of human depravity resulting from the Fall and denies that only God's chosen few had

² Elbert Russell, *The History of Quakerism* (New York, Macmillan Company, 1942), p. 47.

³ G. W. Knowles, *Quakers and Peace* (London, Sweet & Maxwell, Limited, 1927), p. 2.

⁴ Russell, p. 56.

"prevenient grace." The Friends' belief became the basis of a complete democracy as well as of a universal philanthropy.

The "Inner Light" also means that salvation is a state of continuous living by the Spirit rather than an isolated experience of "conversion" or a future judicial "justification."⁵

The Quaker idea of God is that of a living spiritual presence revealed within the soul. God and man are related as their spiritual frontiers are continuous and undivided. There is something of man that is not of dust, earth, flesh, or time, but of God, and this belief gave George Fox a sense of the worth and preciousness of every man.⁶

Albert Schweitzer is an example of a non-Quaker's reverence for life. It is so deep that he will not snip the head off a daisy with his cane as he walks through the field, and he has argued this idea at great lengths in his ethical writings.⁷ John Woolman states it all in one sentence:

As the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible comprehensible being, so by the same principle it was moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world; as by His breath, the flame of life, was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen and at the same time to practice cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him was a contradiction in His life.⁸

Friends regard the Bible as the record of men inspired by the Spirit of Christ, but revelation is not ended by it or confined to it. The Bible is a means of testing religious beliefs and experience and a supposed revelation which does not agree with the teachings of the Bible is to be suspected of error.⁹ Friends can rely upon the "Inner Light" for final authority of interpreting the Bible, so are not bound to an interpretation which violates their sense of God and duty.¹⁰

In spite of these qualifying interpretations, Friends do not feel they may interpret the New Testament to mean the exact opposite of what it says. As the whole meaning and spirit of Christ's teaching calls men away from an atmosphere of hatred and fear to one of love and a harmonious will, "Love your enemies" cannot possibly mean "Hate your enemies, slay their men, starve their families, and destroy their possessions."¹¹

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 49.

⁶ Rufus M. Jones, "Introduction," George Fox, *Journal* (London, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1924), p. xi.

⁷ Douglas V. Steere, *Doors Into Life* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1948), p. 95.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 95.

⁹ Russell, p. 53.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 54.

¹¹ John W. Graham, *The Faith of a Quaker* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1920), p. 328.

Religion for Friends is not something apart from life and business, but the whole of life and a way of life. Like breathing or digestion, it is something that one does and is, and is concerned more with the present than with another world after death. Friends believe it is important to maintain principles of simplicity, moderation, and sincerity. Early Friends found it helpful to observe certain peculiarities of dress, speech, and recreation in order to uphold their faith. Among those things which Barclay says are unlawful for Quakers are such flattering titles as Your Majesty; kneeling, bowing, or doffing the hat to a man; apparel worn only for vanity; games, sports, plays; swearing vainly or before a magistrate; and to "resist Evil, or to War or Fight in any Case."¹² Modern Quakers do not find some of these practices helpful in strengthening the spirit and so do not observe them.

III. *Pacifism on General Principles*

It is when an institution no longer appears necessary that fantastic reasons are sought or invented for satisfying the instinctive prejudice in its favor, which its long persistence has created. It is just the same with the sport of the hunter; you will find its most elaborate defense in very recent literature, precisely because what is now challenged was at an earlier period taken for granted.¹³

Deep in our hearts we share a faith in the value of the personality of every individual, and a conviction that for life to be real and vital it should be carried forward in non-violent active love. We feel committed to non-violence as the way and seek to develop non-violent techniques for resolving conflicts and resisting violence, tyranny, or possible invasion.¹⁴

History shows only too clearly that being wounded and seeing friends die does not discourage the ideas and sentiments of a group. Christianity grew because of persecution, and in our own day we see the fanatic zeal with which democracy is defended against equally sincere Communists. Has the long series of wars between France and Germany over their boundary settled the problem of ownership? Will Russia abandon the desire for a warm water port, necessary for her economy, just because in the past five wars she failed? Even if it is admitted that wars have to some extent protected the innocent and punished the guilty, they have done so at such a great cost of suffering and death to entirely innocent people that one might question the efficacy of war as a means of rendering justice.¹⁵

Peace treaties which end wars are generally acknowledged as merely a truce until both sides can rearm and plan their strategy. Based on a principle of

¹² Robert Barclay, *Apology for the True Christian Divinity* (London, T. Sowle Raylton & Luke Hinde, 1736), p. 514.

¹³ Albert V. Fowler, *War and Civilization* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1950), p. 17.

¹⁴ "News from a Boston Cell," *The Peacemaker*, I (April 25, 1950), 7.

¹⁵ Knowles, p. 8.

toleration and understanding which only idealists put faith in, an armistice is a farce to most people who are not farsighted enough to see the importance of sympathy and understanding. Based on "Disillusionment, Apprehension, and Cynicism, instead of Faith, Hope, and Charity," peace agreements fail because there is no health in them.¹⁶ Toleration which does not spring from Faith does not succeed.

Peaceful means of settling disputes have succeeded where they have been accompanied by an honest effort to understand and sympathize with the opposing side. Gandhi's success in India, the work of the United Nations in trouble spots of the world, and the peaceful life of the Quakers in Pennsylvania testify that respect of the individual can overcome violence.

Another example of successful pacific resistance is the struggle in seventeenth century England to bring about religious liberty. Parliamentary armies won their battle, and then lost it to the reactionary forces aroused by the war. Under the Conventicle Acts (1664-1673) all forms of public worship except the Established Church were outlawed, but the Friends continued to hold their meetings openly. In spite of mass arrests, destruction of meeting houses, and every effort by the authorities to prevent Quaker gatherings, Quaker passive resistance persisted. Finally the right to worship God publicly according to conscience was granted. In the few American colonies controlled by the Quakers this freedom was granted to all settlers.¹⁷

It is believed by many that non-violence resistance with love is able to conquer cruelty, violence, aggression, and other abuses of power. This is based on the belief that sympathy to another's cause leads to intelligent respect and understanding which acts to reduce or to prevent frustrations and thereby reduces violence. Conscientious objectors to war hold truth an important element in non-violent resistance, and truth is persuasive as it promotes mutual trust.¹⁸

For example, during the Irish rebellion of 1798, Catholic rebels and the English troops were terrorizing the country. Quakers destroyed the guns they kept for hunting and left themselves completely unprotected. Not a single one of the solitary Quaker homes was molested and not a single Friend lost his life. They fed and sheltered refugees from both sides and were helpful in restoring peace.¹⁹

Historian Toynbee challenges the pacifists by saying that if one group would use non-violent resistance, it would be overrun by the groups which rely upon armed might. He continues with the statement that "an active foresight and a passive heroism" exhibited only by saints would be necessary to face

¹⁶ Fowler, p. 6.

¹⁷ Brinton, p. 13.

¹⁸ Richard B. Gregg, *The Power of Non-Violence* (New York, Fellowship Publications, 1935), p. 16.

¹⁹ Graham, p. 359.

this prospect of diminution and its consequences.²⁰ Pacifists reply that this might be true, but as the alternative is destruction of our civilization by atomic warfare, it seems that temporary totalitarianism combated by non-violent resistance is preferable. A study of history shows that dictatorships do not endure, and temporary subordination is preferable to some people over the horrors of war.

In spite of the horrors of modern warfare, Toynbee fears social disintegration more than war itself.²¹ War is valuable in developing courage, dynamic energy, capacity to endure fatigue and suffering, self-sacrifice, self-control, and action for a great ideal and for glory. Toynbee fails to notice, however, that pacifism also develops these qualities, and they are used to build a peaceful world instead of destruction of civilization and depletion of natural resources. As a method of settling disputes and conflicts, pacifists believe that disciplined non-violence based on love leads to study and understanding of the other view, and settlement based on respect is more durable than settlement based on the bodies of a nation's best young men. Non-violent resistance means overcoming evil with good. Not by strong muscles and armaments, but by moral courage, self-control, and the conviction that in every human being, however personally hostile, there is respect for kindness, justice, and truth.²²

Pacifists see that violent opposition does not often discourage ideas and sentiments but only postpones these feelings until another time. To get opponents to adopt new ideas, new sentiments, and new assumptions, pacifists want to make these principles attractive by the persuasion of love and disciplined non-violence. Ideas and sentiments are not made attractive for voluntary acceptance by the point of the sword.²³

A testimony against war is not a doctrine against all use of force, however. Force, an unsatisfactory method which does not bring settlement or stability, is used on horses, dogs, criminals, lunatics, and in the last resort with children. We live in comfort under police protection and we prosecute offenders.²⁴

Are pacifists cowards? Not at the present time if they suffer hardships, wounds, imprisonment, and even death from the hands of the violent. A peaceful resister is as courageous as a soldier if he sacrifices for the cause he earnestly believes in.²⁵ It may be argued that the pacifist is more courageous than a soldier, for the pacifist must endure social, economic, and political pressure besides physical pain.

The philosophy which makes war impossible is a way of life which removes or controls the factors leading to war. One who resists war must be prepared

²⁰ Arnold J. Toynbee, *Introduction to War and Civilization*, Fowler, p. x.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. v.

²² Aldous Huxley, ed., *An Encyclopaedia of Pacifism* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1937), p. 65.

²³ Gregg, p. 159.

²⁴ Graham, p. 367.

²⁵ Gregg, p. 121.

to change his entire life, including his personal hopes, his relations with others, his economic and social standing in the community, his political duties, his religious fellowships, and his relationship to God. Pacifists, in order to challenge the whole world and continue a peaceful life while others are fighting, must prove that they are worthy of peace and able to build a peaceful world.²⁶

IV. *Quaker Pacifism*

Although in the popular mind Quakerism has stood for Peace more than for any other single thing, peace was not the heart of the Quaker message. It was only a very prompt deduction from it.²⁷

John Woolman felt that the roots of war came from our trying to get for ourselves and to keep for ourselves more than our neighbors have. For this reason, he accused certain wealthy Philadelphia Quakers of inconsistency when they almost invited attack of less fortunate neighbors. Woolman questioned an accumulation of too many possessions and decided it was out of keeping with that spirit of brotherhood which must condition any enduring peace.²⁸

On that we declare against wars, and acknowledge our trust in God only, may walk in the Light, and therein examine our foundation and motive in holding great estates: May we look upon our treasures, and the furniture of our houses, and the garments in which we array ourselves, and try whether the seeds of war have any nourishment in these our possessions, or not.²⁹

Later, Friends expressed the idea that war is the symptom of the disease of self-seeking which permeates our whole social system. The state of society without the roots of war will come about through giving and serving rather than through possessing and being served. A way of life must be a practical expression of the will to love and serve humanity both in business and in recreation.³⁰

A source and result of Quaker pacifism are Friends' meetings which put pacifism into practice among individuals in a small group. Meeting is a training ground in pacific techniques. In meetings for conducting the business of the society, decision is made only when all of those present reach a state of unity and no vote is taken, as it might represent the coercion of a minority by the majority. This peculiar method is considered more creative as it gives time for new points to arise out of the synthesis of old ones and is more durable

²⁶ Knowles, p. 51.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

²⁸ Steere, p. 110.

²⁹ John Woolman as quoted in Steere, *ibid.*

³⁰ John H. Barlow, "Selection from the Epistle from London Yearly Meeting May 9-26, 1915," as quoted in Knowles, p. 50.

because it represents a greater degree of conviction on the part of the whole group. Friends believe that unity is eventually possible because each has access to the same Light of Truth. The solution eventually arises out of that unity which underlies all obedience to the one Divine Light.³¹

Quaker work is not in peace treaties, world alliances, federations, or leagues. Their efforts are toward a creation of peaceable atmosphere and attitude of mind inconsistent with war. George Fox lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all war. Quakers as a religious group have not built Utopias or detailed pacifist dreams but have put their personal loyalty to Christ before all other loyalties, and have practised it as a way of life that takes away every occasion of war.³²

Merely ceasing from outward hostility is not the accepted Quaker practice but it has been their avowed and desired aim to make their whole "conversation and conduct consistent and of a piece throughout."³³ The positive answer to negative non-resistance is practicing forgiveness and love, "thinking no evil," carrying the atmosphere of peace and good will, and ridding oneself of revengeful and unworthy thoughts. The spirit of justice and fellowship must replace that of greed and self-aggrandizement in the social and industrial world.³⁴

To Quakers, the Christian method is the daily effort to relieve all suffering and oppression within reach, and to attack every cause of war, "most especially on those causes within our own hearts."³⁵ Friends have done relief work in the Irish War of 1690, during the American War of Independence in caring for sufferers around Boston, in the Graeco-Turkish War of 1828 by helping Greek refugees, in the Crimean War by repairing devastation on the coast of Finland, during and after the American Civil War in maintaining and educating colored freedmen and refugees, in the Franco-Prussian War when about forty workers were sent to devastated areas, in the Boer Wars by assisting refugees and restoring Boer families, in the Balkan War of 1912 by sending supplies to Bulgarian refugees, and in the First World War by relief work in France, Serbia, Germany, Poland, Austria, and Russia. It was during the First World War that the American Friends Service Committee was formed and in the Spanish Civil War relief work was done on both sides. During and after the Second World War much relief and rehabilitation was and is carried on in Europe and Asia. A special relief project was administered for the United Nations in southern Palestine.³⁶

Friends believe that the positive and more important aspect is not in a re-

³¹ Brinton, p. 14.

³² Knowles, p. 1.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

³⁴ Edward Grubb, "The True Way of Life," *ibid.*, p. 44.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

³⁶ Brinton, p. 9.

fusal to take sides, but in the concentration that this permits upon the challenge of throwing bridges across the torrent of conflict.³⁷

Religious pacifism as a positive way of life rather than as a negative attitude toward fighting comes directly from worship. When a worshiper feels his kinship with his fellowmen in God as a present experience rather than as abstract theory, this unity produces a sensitizing of the soul, a feeling of oneness with all men which rules out conflict. Perhaps a new and positive word for pacifism is community, as it means the union of men from within enabling them to work together, rather than external coordination forced by authoritarian means or threats of violence.³⁸

There is very little space in Quaker literature of the seventeenth, eighteenth, or nineteenth centuries devoted to explanations of peace principles.³⁹ Barclay, early Quaker theologian, includes a brief analysis of a Christian attitude toward war at the end of his *Apology* in a collection of miscellaneous items on outward behavior and relationships of persons. That early Friends were not peace propagandists is in keeping with their philosophy. They direct seekers to the source of life and truth in the depths of the soul, the "Inner Light," and not to doctrines and theories which are products of the mind.⁴⁰ As Barclay says,

And if it was not according to the Wisdom of *Christ*, who was and is *King of Kings*, by outward force to constrain others to believe him, or receive him, as being a thing inconsistent with the Nature of his *Ministry* and *Spiritual Government*; do not they grossly offend him, that will needs be wiser than he, and think to force Men against their Persuasion, to conform to their Doctrine and Worship? ⁴¹

³⁷ Bertram Pickard, *Pacifist Diplomacy in Conflict Situations* (Philadelphia, Pacifist Research Bureau, n. d.), p. 6.

³⁸ Brinton, p. 15.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*

⁴¹ Barclay, p. 492.

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The Pickwick Papers

JOE CORBETT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE AUTHOR OF *THE PICKWICK PAPERS*, MR. CHARLES Dickens, is undoubtedly one of the most famous and widely read of all English writers. The titles of most of his books and the names of characters in them have become household words throughout the English speaking world. David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, little Nell, and Scrooge are familiar enough to warrant only brief mention in passing.

The plot of *The Pickwick Papers* was intended, evidently, to be hilariously humorous. The author, by a series of odd coincidences, places Pickwick in one peculiar situation after another. Although, when taken by themselves, these incidents are rather entertaining and amusing in a slap-stick sort of way, the unusual circumstances used to present them tend to make them somewhat unrealistic and an almost constant burden to the reader's credulity.

The level of English predominating in the book is high-level informal. Sometimes, seemingly to enhance the general atmosphere of humor, the author lapses into very elegant or formal English. This apparently very clever device for producing amusement, however, is rather indiscriminately used in situations where it becomes nothing more than absurd grandiloquence.

At the beginning of the story Pickwick is represented as a very calm, judicious person, always willing to overlook insults and always trying to settle any arguments which may arise among his friends. He is greatly interested in science and continually carries a notebook in which to record observations. Suddenly, without warning, this perfect model of temperance, high intelligence, and sobriety, after overindulging in a beverage designated as "cold punch," awakens to find himself detained in the local jail. Another time, even though he is supposed to be at the time of life commonly thought of as precluding such activity, he gets into a violent argument with one of the "Pickwickians" about a rather trivial matter, and they have to be separated lest they do harm to each other. We know, of course, that any strong character has his weak spots, but we know also that such a character, when giving way to some of his weaknesses, doesn't remain stereotyped that way for a period of several days, and particularly not when a variety of new situations are constantly presenting themselves.

The Pickwickians, or members of the Pickwick club, which are most intimately associated with Mr. Pickwick, are, at the outset of the story, tacitly acknowledged to be approaching middle age. To further augment this implication, they engage in activities and conversation most suitable to gentlemen at this age. About the middle of the story the ages of these gentlemen begin to change perceptibly. That is, they start becoming younger, and whereas pre-

viously they and *Pickwick* had much in common, marked dissimilarities began to appear. Mr. Winkle, who at first is supposed to be old enough to know better, falls violently in love with a young lady, elopes with her, and very narrowly avoids a duel with her brother through the timely intercession of *Pickwick*.

Evidently, while writing the last chapters of the book, Dickens reviewed what he had already written. Apparently, after having become panic-stricken at the monstrous size which his brain-child had thus far attained, he decided that the book must, by all means, be ended quickly. The *Pickwickian's* retrograde aging accelerates, *Pickwick* becomes, in the space of a few days an infirm old man, and the *Pickwick* club, due to dissensions within which had, until now, been either non-existent or under the perfect control of its leader, disintegrates. The rapidity of these happenings is nothing short of astounding, and the long suffering reader is called upon, through these passages, to summon up his most courageous credulity for the last supreme effort.

Of course, the fact that *The Pickwick Papers* first appeared in serial form as a newspaper feature is probably the main reason for most of the mechanical faults present. However, literary good taste should have prevailed upon Mr. Dickens' artistic sensibilities enough for him to realize the necessity of revising the book before sending it to the publishers and consigning it in its final form to his eager readers.

The Ministry of Fear

KENNETH ROSE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

ARTHUR ROWE WAS A MURDERER OF THE CONSERVATIVE school. He seemed a very average Englishman, middle-aged and slightly myopic, who believed in the Victorian sentiments of order and utter respectability. Even after the jury had acquitted him of his wife's murder, Arthur remained firmly convinced of his own guilt. Living quietly with his memories in a shabby suburban flat, he found the constant fear and confusion of blitz-rocked London vaguely repulsive.

Lives are changed by little things; Arthur's was changed by a church benefit that he noticed on his evening walk. Because of the war, the fete had a depressingly bedraggled appearance; but it reminded him of his childhood, and Arthur's childhood was dear to him. He stopped his walk and wandered among the booths. He took a chance on a piece of homemade cake, a rare luxury in wartime London, bought a book at the white elephant sale, and had his fortune told by mysterious Mrs. Bellairs, who insisted that he take another chance on the cake. He did and won it. For a while, Arthur's life went on as usual; before long, however, strange things began to happen.

There was the little man with immense, twisted shoulders, who first asked him to return the cake and then attempted to poison him; there was also the

seance at Mrs. Bellairs' home that ended in death. Slowly, Arthur discovered the existence of a vast espionage network which was being forced by circumstance to eliminate him. The newspapers, speculating about the theft of certain official documents, had dubbed this network the "Ministry of Fear," a government within a government that ruled its subjects by a devilish combination of threats and blackmail. Arthur became a fugitive, hunted by the law and the lawless alike; there was nothing he could do about it.

For him there was to be no escape; the "Ministry" soon found him. He was snared in a hotel room by a cunningly arranged trap, and the explosion of a bomb in a suitcase destroyed a large part of his memory. When he regained consciousness, he was a prisoner in a private sanitarium. Slowly and painfully he regained his memories and managed to expose the "Ministry."

The Ministry of Fear is an unusual novel. Seldom have the basic elements of a story (plot, characterization, setting, and mood) been so completely interwoven. Every one of the above elements illustrates at least one principle that Graham Greene considers important. In fact, the author seems to have had so many different aims and motives in mind when he was writing this book that an accurate analysis of his "purpose" is almost impossible.

The plot, certainly an outgrowth of Mr. Greene's war experiences as a member of the English counter espionage agency, demonstrates the operation of a modern spy ring and the methods that the British government used in ferreting out and destroying such rings. Although physical action plays an important part throughout the story, this theme's effectiveness lies in the direct insights into the minds of the members and the victims of the "Ministry."

The characterizations in this novel, and that of Arthur Rowe in particular, are based upon these indirect insights. While many of the characters seem wooden and utterly artificial, all of them try to support Mr. Greene's second major theme: stresses and strains of wartime cause a mental unbalancing of almost every participant. In *The Ministry of Fear* one sees the normally sane and intelligent individual become increasingly neurotic: an idealistic psychiatrist under the strain of guilty fear rapidly changes from a coldly rational scientist to a highly emotional coward who is only slightly saner than the patients he is treating; Rowe, himself, runs the gamut of emotions.

Both the characters and the plot are influenced by the mood and setting of the novel. During the blitz, nightmarish unreality became reality. The dreamlike existence that the Londoners were forced to live sets the style and the pace for the entire book. Even the most casual glance at *The Ministry of Fear* leaves one with a vivid picture of the confused frustration that was London.

Despite the obvious quality of the writing, there are a number of factors which detract greatly from the worth of the book. One of these, as I have mentioned before, is the characterization; another is the rising feeling of suspense that the author aborted before he was halfway finished. Throughout the early development of the plot there was a rising current of suspense that was climaxed with the "Ministry's" snaring of Arthur in the hotel room. From

there on, the suspense begins to fade away until, eventually, it vanishes. This is largely a structural weakness which the author could have corrected to a great extent by a more vigorous application to the plot of his story. Even the deliberate flatness of Mr. Greene's ending, while by itself excellent, loses much of its emotional impact through a lack of contrasting suspense.

The story ends as it began—with a man walking through the dismal mistiness of a London fog. As he walks, Rowe begins to realize the utter failure and futility that his life has been and must continue to be. The reader may hope for a "happy ending," but he knows that the book, like Arthur's life, must forever remain unfinished. Some are born to fame and infamy; others to mediocrity. Arthur continues walking; the fog wisps about him and he is gone.

Red

MARY ELLEN YOUNG
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

IN THE STRICTEST SCIENTIFIC SENSE, THE WAVELENGTH .76 micron, representing the longest visible energy wave, is the color red.

Explaining the principles of light which produce the sensation red upon the optic nerves, a physicist might continue by stating that if the sun's rays strike an object and if that object absorbs all light waves except those which are the length of red, the object is said to be red in color. Likewise, an artist when analyzing the chemical and technical principals of his pigment named red, might add to the physical definition that red is ochre clay colored by iron, that red is a primary color which in combination with one or the other of its fellows, blue and yellow, will produce the spectrum, and that true red, as a portion of a painting, generally advances in space. If asked to complete and elaborate upon these concepts, a layman might go on to say that red is the color of an American beauty rose, lipstick and nail polish, and a bull fighter's cape.

And yet, to tell these facts to a man who has never seen red—to tell them to a blind man—would be to tell an infant that the sine of 30° is $\frac{1}{2}$. With this sight-bound data as a foundation, he could neither comprehend nor form a mental impression of the color's impact. Only eyes that see red and roses and minds that picture the color upon its mention can learn and believe and understand that this hue is also a wavelength .76 micron long.

What then can we say lies beyond the sensation we call red? What can we tell the man who cannot see this reflection? this pigment?

To me, red is heat in color. It is an intense flame that produces a dryness and an oppression which burn only less greatly than they exhaust. The flame in tangible form has its heat in a desert, in a city street in July, in a press room at noon. Heat is passion in a color, too. Hot red is physical torment, is love on Madison Avenue. It is a blazing Negro band, too, brassy and blatant

at midnight. It is a drum beat and a jungle cry and a million other sounds and surges that are heat manifested.

To me red is cold in a color. It is hate. It is the blood of a stiffened corpse, frigid in this blood he shed for hate or for war. It is hate's sister, intolerance, the cold and cruel Ku Klux Klan. It is danger, too,—a sign that says "Quarantine"—"Stop"—"Beware." It is the shout of unwilling brakes, the anguished scream of the injured, the siren of all fire engines, far away and close. It is anger and "seeing red." It is terror, too, and mob psychology. It is a nose, an ear, a hand on a winter day. It is these and a million other emotions and states which are cold.

What then can I say lies beyond this sensation we call red? What then would I tell the blind man who flounders in scientific definitions and artists' theories? I would tell him what red is to me—not the reflection of .76 micron—but the heatwave and the siren.

The University of Illinois— Unbiased, Favorable and Unfavorable Versions

DAVIDA SOLOMON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

The University of Illinois—Unbiased Version

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS IS LOCATED IN THE TWIN cities of Urbana and Champaign. Quite a large school, it offers a great number and variety of courses in its many colleges and professional schools. Because it is a state institution, the board of trustees is elected by the voters of Illinois. Any high school graduate who is a resident of the state is permitted to enter. Many distinguished and brilliant people have graduated from this university, as well as many mediocre and not very bright ones. The school has a nationally known football team which receives considerable support from the student body. All through the year, student houses, clubs, and organizations sponsor large numbers of social events.

Favorably Biased Version

The University of Illinois is located in the typically American cities of Champaign and Urbana. Because of its great size, a wealth of diverse and fascinating subjects can be, and are, offered, enabling the students to acquire a liberal education as well as specialized training. The high scholastic standing of the University is reflected in the many distinguished alumni it may well boast of. As a state institution supported by the taxpayers, it must be truly democratic in its policies. Thus, the discrimination and bigotry found

in many private schools are absent here. In addition to the great scholastic facilities available, there is also a rich social life. By cheering for the excellent football team the students develop a feeling of loyalty and patriotism for the university. The numerous dances and other recreational functions impart a social sense to the students that is just as important in their future lives as book learning.

Unfavorably Biased Version

The University of Illinois, located in the simple little towns of Champaign and Urbana, appears rather ludicrous in its surroundings because of its great size. Still more ridiculous is the fact that the great bulk of its students leave one of the most sophisticated urban centers, where some of the best educational institutions in the world are located, to acquire knowledge of the universe in the heart of the corn belt. Because of the bigness of this school, the individual cannot receive personal recognition or attention. Mary, an acquaintance of mine, is fairly typical of the mediocre and unintelligent students that are graduated from this "hick" school. The board of trustees is elected by the taxpayers and, therefore, is composed of ignorant, incapable, and corrupt politicians. Instead of paying attention to their studies, students are encouraged to vent their energies by yelling their heads off while a group of human gorillas butt each other up and down a football field. Instead of spending their evenings doing their homework, as they should, the pupils are usually found frittering away their time dancing or getting drunk at wild parties.

Home Town

DICK BICKERTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

PETE'S PALACE IS A LITTLE BAR IN MINNEAPOLIS WHERE I bought drinks for a sot. Home to him was some place that he left many, many years ago. Listening to him, I almost turned around and went back home myself.

Canal Street is a red-light district in New Orleans. I was so far from home then it didn't make any difference if I got back or not. To "Old Satchmo," Louis Armstrong, Canal Street was home.

To me, Peoria, Illinois, is home. Nice place, Peoria; one big Canal Street. Nice place, Peoria; nice if you get a kick out of talking to the sots. You can always find a drunk in Peoria. Walk down the streets of Peoria, and you feel as though all the massive structures surrounding you are about to topple—topple because of a malignant growth of graft and corruption that eats the few great hearts and minds that are born of Peoria mothers. Walk down the streets of Peoria, and you'll sneer at the niggers; gripe about the kikes. Walk long enough, and, if you're decent, you'll soon be running—running away, like I did.

Where the Illinois River runs by Peoria, the water is dirty—one great sewage disposal system. The river floods, and, with that dirty water, the garbage comes into the streets. After a while the water will go down, but the garbage stays.

Come into Peoria from the east, and you pass three dumps before you get there. (Careful of the rats, please. It's hard to find cooperative politicians, you know). Come into Peoria from the south, and you get sick. Your stomach turns over three, four times. (You can't stand to be a witness to filth, slime, human stagnation). Come into Peoria from the north, and you fight your way through the smoke and dust of the factory system. (Some people call it progress). Come into Peoria from the west—well, the west is a little better. There we have the beautiful homes of Grand View Drive. "World's most beautiful drive," said President Harding. Nice guy, that Harding. But here's the thing about those homes out there. Their foundations are laid on the green slime of the south-enders—very proud people, the south-enders; the dumps, we're proud of our political history; and the factories, people come all the way from Bloomington to work at Caterpillar.

My folks moved to Peoria from Cripple Creek, Colorado. Out there, they were happy; an average coal miner's family that didn't do much, but they knew a lot of people. The trip scared my grandmother, and she's dead now. Peoria's streetcars killed my grandfather. He was a proud Irish coal miner in Cripple Creek, but there wasn't anything proud about that body they rolled out from beneath the streetcar. (It was going to pass him up, but nothing ever passed an Irishman up—in particular, an Irish coal miner—in particular, my grandfather). Peoria killed my folk's marriage, too. Dad found out about prostitutes and Mom found out about legal terms. (Be it here known, that on the basis of the above counts the Prosecution here prays that the court will see fit to dissolve all bonds of marriage between said plaintiff and said defendant). Mom cried, but she had cried a lot since she had come to Peoria.

I delivered papers in Peoria. I imagine every kid has had a paper route in his day, but not many had one like mine—one where they had to step over the drunks and say good morning to the matrons when they came out to meet you and ask you if you wanted to spend some time with their girls before you went on. You always told them, no. You told them that because you wanted to get home in time to eat breakfast with your ma. That was the reason, and you couldn't have found a better one if you had tried. After a while the matrons let you alone, because it embarrassed them to hear a kid say something like that.

So that's the town I ran away from one night. My home town. That's where the Shelton family is from. And we look at it and say, "Yes sir, that's Peoria." Then we turn toward the north and say, "Won't be long now, cause we're growin' every day. No sir, won't be long now." No, it won't be long now. But it's still Peoria. Still my home town.

Bird Migration

DAVID COMINGS
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE TRUE NATURE AND CAUSE OF BIRD MIGRATION HAS been a subject of speculation for centuries. In very early times many fanciful theories were formulated to account for the seasonal disappearance of many birds. Some typical ideas were that they hibernated in muddy stream bottoms or secluded themselves in hollow trees. Careful observation soon displaced these superstitions with the concept of migration. Although migration has been recognized for over one thousand years, the reason behind it is still somewhat vague.

There are at present two theories accepted as plausible. According to the first theory, before the onset of the glacial movements or the Great Ice Age, all of the bird fauna of North America were non-migratory. As the ice sheets appeared, inclement conditions, insufficient food supplies, and a lack of nesting locations forced the birds southward. They consequently traveled with each glacial movement, going south as the glaciers moved down and returning north with their subsequent recession. By the end of the Pleistocene or Ice Age, migration had become such an intégral habit with the birds that it was innately continued.

The supplementary theory assumes the tropical regions to be the birds' natural home. As is the case with most animal forms, the birds tended toward over-population. At the end of the glacial periods, due to population pressures, there was a natural radiation of birds during the mating season into the vast spans of northern virgin country where the competition for food was not as intense. Yet because the southland was their true home they returned as soon as the brood could tend for themselves.

The former theory is generally believed to be the more feasible of the two. There are still, however, several lesser factors to be explained. One in particular—what is the local element which causes the birds to leave their winter homes at the approximate termination of a winter several thousand miles away? Actually, migrating birds do not, a great percentage of the time, arrive at their destination under favorable climatic conditions. Weather is not the chief cause of migration, but by affecting the food supply, and indirectly the mating season, it determines the mean date of departure and consequently the mean date of arrival. During the flight the weather may well change from the favorable conditions under which the birds left to decidedly adverse but local weather. The increasing length of the days at the termination of the winter months is believed to cause an increase in endocrine secretion of the tropical migrators, thus engendering the mating urge and consequently migration.

The time of day during which the initial portions of flight are accomplished varies among groups of species. The daytime migrants include chiefly Hawks,

Swallows, and Chimney Swifts. The nighttime travelers are the Thrushes, Flycatchers, Warblers, Sparrows, and in general the majority of the families. There are, in addition, those who fly continuously, these being mainly water birds. The reason for the majority of the birds traveling at night lies in the fact that the feeding periods can thereby be closer together. For example, if a bird who was required to fly continuously for twelve hours, because of some barrier such as a sea, were to feed during the day and had to wait all night before starting the flight, it would not arrive at its destination until nightfall the next day and would not, subsequently, feed until morning—a lapse of thirty hours between feedings. Obviously, if it flew at night there would be a lapse of only twelve hours.

Perhaps the most variable factor among individuals is the length of flight. The non-migratory birds are chiefly the game birds—Quail, Grouse, and Pheasant, the familiar Cardinal, and the Carolina Wren. There are certain birds, of which the Robin is a representative, which might be classified as more or less semi-migratory. As individuals they all migrate, but as a species they may not. This is explained by the fact that within a species there are variations, certain of which are more hardy than others. When winter approaches, say in southern Illinois, the Robins there move southward while the more northerly and more hardy individuals move to southern Illinois. Finally, there are the true migrators. Flight length variations also exist among these. The Chipping, Vesper, and Field Sparrows migrate from northern United States to the Gulf States. The Tangers, Warblers, Thrushes and actually the majority of the species travel from the United States and Canada to Central and South America. There are also those who have exceedingly long ranges, the shore and marine birds, which go from Alaska to South America. The champion of these is the Arctic Tern who has a migratory range of over eight thousand miles and, therefore, often travels over sixteen thousand miles in one year.

The question as to how migratory birds find their way is in some ways a puzzling one. Not all of them return to the same nesting regions, and yet there are many examples of some that even return to the same nests. A favorite theory is that they follow coast lines, mountain ranges, and rivers. This may be true in part, but in a major sense it must be incorrect for not only are few species ever observed following rivers, but for the most part birds fly straight southward, invariably crossing and completely ignoring these supposed guiding marks. Food rather than geographical terrain is probably the determining factor in migrational routes, with the birds taking the shortest route over which there is sufficient food. There is a possibility that through some physiological means they are geosensitive and can perceive northerly or southerly directions. This mechanism probably functions in connection with the direction of the sun rays.

There is still a lot to be discovered concerning the migratory habits of birds, but professional ornithologists receive a greater volume of information from amateur sources than perhaps any of the other scientific fields.

The Shell Parrakeet as a Pet

SANDRA ROMANOFF

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

DURING THE FEW YEARS SINCE THE LAST WAR, A SMALL bird in the parrot family known as the shell parrakeet or budgerigar has become very popular in the American home. Because Mr. Budgie has beauty plus brains, he has taken the place of the parrot, the canary, and even the dog. Owners of this little winger pet will affirm that the small amount of effort connected with his care and training is well rewarded. Furthermore, Mr. Budgie's wants and needs are limited.

Several points should be kept in mind when purchasing your baby budgerigar. In the first place, you will regret buying a parrakeet from any aviary that hasn't a good reputation among bird fanciers. Five or six weeks is the age at which budgerigars are most impressionable. As activity is a sign of good health and vitality, the baby budgerigar who fights and pesters his companions is a better choice than the quiet bird who sits motionless in the community cage. Shell parrakeets come in all colors of the rainbow. Although the original budgerigar was light green and yellow, blue is the predominant color of birds bred in the United States. Shell parrakeets also come in combinations of yellow, white, and chartreuse. The rare bi-colored parrakeet is exquisite. Regardless of what color plumage the bird of your choosing possesses, he is certain to be a beautiful addition to your home.

Because of his long tail, the budgerigar is happiest in a rectangular cage; but the size of the cage is not too important because your pet will not want to spend much time in his cage after he becomes acquainted with the family. Enameled, painted, or wooden cages should be avoided, though, for the budgerigar has a habit of pecking at the bars of his cage. Any dark cloth which will muffle sounds and shade lights from the cage will help insure an early bedtime for your budgie.

Just as we need more than meat and water in our balanced meals, the parrakeet requires more than water and prepared bird seed in his diet. A small dish of clean gravel, sold in any pet shop, should always be available as gravel is essential in the bird's digestive system. Cuttle-fish bone compares with the milk and salt of our meals. A teaspoon of prepared "treat" every other day is beneficial for the growth of plumage, especially if the "treat" contains cod-liver oil. Although the life of many a pet budgerigar has been shortened by the goodhearted feeding of goodies from the kitchen, parrakeets benefit from occasional tibits of celery, lettuce, and apples.

In a few weeks the owner of a baby budgerigar usually is tempted to be extravagant with his new little pet; consequently, there is a market for playthings for budgerigars. Being vain and active little birds, shell parrakeets

enjoy ringing bells, climbing ladders, swinging on bars, and admiring themselves in mirrors. These items can be obtained individually, or they can be purchased combined in various models of playgrounds. If you wish, you can construct a made-to-order playground for your budgie. Then too, specially designed miniature baby carriages, garbage pails, high-chairs, wheel barrows, and automobiles are on the market. There is no end to the accessories which can be easily procured for the budgerigar.

The first few days that the budgerigar spends in his new home are very important. It is during these few days that his habits are formed. There is no cause to worry if your new parrakeet misses the first few meals in his new home, as some shy little fellows are at first upset by strange surroundings. If he hasn't eaten of his own accord after about a day, remove the perches in his cage so that he is forced to sit on the floor in the food. This procedure usually encourages eating. The next problem is taming your parrakeet. Some authorities claim that clipping the wings of the bird so that he is unable to fly out of reach results in quicker taming. Wing clipping has its advantages, but most parrakeets are easily tamed without the necessity of restricting the bird's movements. Gently push against your budgerigar's breast with your forefinger, and he will be forced to step on your finger. Do this a few times and you will own a tame little parrakeet. It is safe to say that the baby budgerigar cannot be handled too much, but the budgerigar will bite if he is teased or handled roughly.

When the baby bird is tame enough to sit still on your finger, he is ready for talking lessons. A tame parrakeet is usually very affectionate and is very eager to imitate his master. In fact, few human students surpass the budgerigar as a student, for Mr. Budgie is very ambitious to learn. Consequently, it is the teacher who holds the power to create a proficient talker. Talking lessons should be conducted several times each day. The instructor should hold the bird close to his mouth and slowly and distinctly repeat one or two words over and over again. If the tutor is persistent, it will be a matter of weeks before he will hear results of his lessons. Moreover, the more the budgerigar learns, the quicker he masters new words. Usually, the first word in a budgerigar's vocabulary is his name. Then some short phrase such as "Kiss me" or "Good Budgie" is usually learned, and complete and often complicated sentences are often mastered. It is not unusual to hear a year old parrakeet rattle off a hundred word vocabulary.

Making a single budgie "show-off" his vocabulary before a small audience is not too difficult. Some birds are encouraged to talk if they are kept in the dark for a short while. Others can be induced to hold a conversation when they see themselves in mirrors. A common stimulus is running tap water. By studying your bird's personality, you will solve the problem of encouraging him to "show off" for your friends.

The parrakeet not only can hold a conversation, but he also makes a funny little clown. Every tame budgie enjoys inventing his own tricks. Watch your

budgerigar amuse himself in his playground, and you will be convinced that your pet is very clever. Furthermore, the parrakeet even concocts original games to amuse himself. Our budgerigar loves to push small objects off tables, desks, or mantles, and then play with them once they are on the floor. Because they are so adept at inventing tricks, it is not at all difficult to teach tricks to budgerigars. Patient tutors who realize the potentialities of parrakeets often profit by showing their trick budgerigars. However, training birds to perform how and when you desire is not a simple task. A circus of performing budgerigar tricksters presents an amusing act. These circuses have stolen shows at benefit performances and have even performed before television cameras. Of course, preparing a budgerigar circus requires a great deal of time, effort, patience, and foresight on the part of the tutor.

However, even if you never own a money-making budgerigar circus, you will never part with your own pretty little budgie. Your budgerigar will give an unlimited supply of enjoyment and happiness to every member of the family, for what other pet will talk to you, amuse you, show you affection, and ask for so little in return?

Buttons in the Spotlight

NANCY WILKISON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

IN THIS ERA OF MORE SPEED AND LESS THOUGHT, HOW few people pause a moment and allow their naturally curious minds to ponder the how or why of objects about them. Was it merely by coincidence that man found a button sewn opposite a hole in his jacket and that he slipped the tiny knob through the opening to keep out the cold? Lo, the insignificant little button!

As excavations in ancient graves and ruins have revealed, buttons actually appeared in Egypt over 2,500 years before Christ. Moreover, the diggings at Mycenae disclosed that Greeks used small golden discs as ornaments 4,000 years ago. Nevertheless, these small trifles did not receive popularity in the rest of the world until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries when fitted clothes became stylish in southern Europe. Preceding this time, loose robes and gowns required only draw strings or girdles to tie and jeweled pins or buckles to fasten.

Increasing in service with the passing generations, the fastenings soon acquired numerous purposes, many of which are for ornamentation today. One important employment was attaching a button to the sleeve of a man's coat to secure the cuffs over the lace frills adorning the shirt underneath. In addition, men had buttons on the back of their long-tailed coats to hold up the tails when on horseback.

Since the beginning of the first button age, both men's and women's clothes had the fastening on the left side. However, the insecurity of life during the Middle Ages changed this system. With the buttons on the right side, a gentleman could often protect himself or his lady more easily, for unhooking his coat with his left hand and drawing his sword with his right took only a matter of seconds for the fellow to be on his guard.

With the ever rising demand, button industries have flourished over the world. In 1689 Birmingham, England, began its ascent to the top of this particular manufacture by producing little brass knobs and later ivory ones. During the next century the city prospered with the steel and gilt buttons of 1767, and ten years afterwards horn buttons appeared. Later, the nineteenth century introduced both hoof and porcelain into the industry. Today, the great English city is recognized as the "button manufacturing capitol of the world."

In spite of England's quality products of linen, mother-of-pearl, compositions, metal, and fancy buttons, other countries have not been idle. Germany also has large, varied button manufacturers, although the principal output is of fancy and Galalith. Another important industrial nation of this type is France with her mother-of-pearl and fancy metal knobs. Still others are Italy with vegetable ivory buttons, Japan's numerous classes of mother-of-pearl, and Czechoslovakia with glass, china, and paste. Similarly, the 300 or more factories here in the United States must not be overlooked. Although very little exportation occurs, the demand at home is well supplied.

For some reason, the United States did very little manufacturing of this type until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then, in Waterbury, Connecticut, metal buttons were produced, and soon after, ivory and horn made their debut. During this same time vegetable, ivory and thereafter composition fasteners were introduced, the latter in Massachusetts. Along the Mississippi River the towns began using the shells in the river bed for pearl buttons.

To the average person, buttons are of little value except for connecting garment edges. These people do not realize that from the vegetable products alone the value per year is worth about eight million dollars. Undoubtedly, the John and Mary Smiths are cognizant of the numerous sizes and colors; but, in contrast, they very seldom notice the variety of materials employed. Besides the many resources mentioned above, the following also have been utilized in the industry: bone, cellulose, synthetic resin, dried blood, wood, stone, paper, and leather. In addition, the more expensive buttons consist of agate, marble, jade, amber, pearls, and jasper. An interesting note about Colonial buttons is that often they were of gold, silver, and even pewter.

Not too many years ago the zipper attempted to replace buttons. Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, this did not occur; for this new invention is not as dainty or neat or showy as buttons. Ah, yes, the button is here to stay!

Freckles—A Character Sketch of a Dog

VIRGINIA McMANUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

FROM THE MOMENT I BROUGHT FRECKLES HOME SHE was at a disadvantage. My family had always owned Kerry Blues, fierce Irish fighting dogs, and they had never expected to have a sensitive, inhibited English setter. I carried her upstairs from the car, a huge, limp, silky-white dog with pinky brown eyes and long ears. When I set her down on the floor, she shook violently and then made a dash into my bedroom and under the radiator. My family came, knelt down, and looked at this social misfit that I had chosen. She lay under the radiator for two days, refused food, and vibrated when we walked into the room. From that moment on she was strictly my dog, and the the rest of the household avoided her.

When I coaxed her out of her hiding place, I began to discover her other frailties. I soon discovered that she was not housebroken; and within a few months I surmised that she never would be. She was terrified of sudden noises, of people and other dogs, and of going down stairs. When she would be streaked with soot from the underside of the radiator, and I finally had to bathe her, she simply collapsed feet up and panted for hours. My father declared that if there were half-wits in the canine family we had discovered one, and I must admit it did seem that she lacked normal intelligence. But then again she would show signs of improvement, and I felt elated when I could detect these.

On our daily walks through the park she would cower behind me if other dogs would approach until I felt like a mother with a painfully shy child hiding in her skirts. After weeks of training she suddenly jumped after a squirrel and chased it to the base of a tree. Unfortunately, the squirrel paused when it was out of reach, and a sudden flick of its tail sent Freckles back to me where she collapsed in a shuddering heap at my feet.

About the time she was progressing again, her ears became very sensitive, and every Saturday morning she would be taken for a treatment. I would carry her to the car, into the office, and she would permit me to hold her paw and comfort her. But while I drove her home she would sit on the far side of the front seat in injured silence, and it would take days to regain her confidence.

Despite these set-backs, Freckles gradually improved. She slept at the foot of my bed instead of under the radiator, and she would permit me to stroke her ears without cowering. When other dogs came onto our porch,

she would bark at them; that is, providing the screen was closed and I was right there in case it gave way. And I in turn was very encouraged.

We have had Freckles for three years now, and in all honesty I can't say that she has changed much. She will never be a demonstrative dog. When I come home she never tears down the hall or jumps up and down as I have seen cocker spaniels do for their masters. Instead she will slide her long, quivering nose into my hand, and if I sit down on the floor, she will curl up around my knees with her head in my lap. And one night when I went out to the kitchen to investigate a scuffling noise, I found her literally romping up and down, her ears flying, her rear legs dangling awkwardly in different directions, and finally landing in a sprawl. When she realized that she was being observed, she dropped both head and tail and went under the radiator in an agony at having me discover her without her dignity, but still I had a glimpse of one of the many phases of her personality.

There are times, such as the Fourth of July when I spend most of the day sitting in the closet comforting her, that I regret her traits. But then again when she dives under my blankets at night for protection because a window shade flapped and I can almost feel her terror or when she shows almost normal courage, I am much more fond of her than I could ever be of a normal, aggressive dog.

Mining Man

FRANK BATTUELLO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

A RUSTY STEEL TIPPLE AND ITS GRAY SMOKE STACK rose through the mist like two fingers pointing skyward. A hundred-odd barrack-like shacks were clustered nearby. Tinny music rippled from one of the brightly-lit taverns on "main street." The tavern lights blinked out; three sharp pistol shots and the crash of breaking glass broke the sleepy stillness of this coal camp Saturday night. A man staggered out through the swinging door and shuffled warily down a dark side-street, the curses of the proprietor still ringing in his ears. Bill Jarvis was spending this Saturday night in his usual way: a story for the boys, a few glasses of beer, and a brawl.

Bill came from a large immigrant mining family. He started in the mines as a "breaker boy," or slate picker, and gradually learned to drive the mules that were used to pull the tiny coal cars along the narrow wooden rails. One day a particularly ill-tempered mule kicked him squarely in the chest. Bill rose weakly to his feet, fondled a pick that he had found beside the tracks and with one mighty blow he sunk its sharp point into the mule's skull. He angrily kicked at the dead carcass, picked up his lunch pail, demanded his wages, and quit.

Bill loves to tell of those early days. His store of yarns of that illustrious age is never ending. He spent many years migrating from one small mine (gin-pit as he called it) to another.

"Why, one mine was so shallow that we went down on a ladder," he said. "One day, as I was walking down a dark entry, I met a farmer carrying a lantern and leading a cow! There had been a cave-in through to the surface and the cow had fallen into the hole. Poor critter wasn't hurt, fortunately."

Today, Bill remains as a symbol of that era when mining men lived hard and worked hard. Sixty-odd years have dimmed his sight and grayed his hair, but he still stands erect and walks with shoulders squared. Heavy arms and a huge chest remain as evidence of those years spent working in the catacombed depths. All else that remains of his wild days is a fiery spirit that will probably never die.

Bill looks forward to retirement and leisure. He hopes to devote more time to his favorite sport and hobby, rooster fighting. In the fury of the rooster pits he can find renewal and perpetuation of his own violent spirit.

The Gamblers

J. WARD KNAPP

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

J. S. Konomos . . . Pool and Billiards IS THE SIGN OUT FRONT. Inside are two pool tables and a billiard table. Farther back in the rear of the room through the cigarette smoke are several other tables; at these, men are playing cards. The men—most of them are past middle age—are playing silently, absorbed in their games. A few others are watching in equal silence, waiting for someone to quit so they can sit down. The men are playing rummy—for a quarter a hand.

Behind them a door stands open. In the next room the smoke is thicker and bluer, and there are more men but only one table. Here they are playing poker, but here they are playing for a great deal more than a quarter a hand. John Konomos, the proprietor, sits at the table. In front of him, stacked in neat, bright columns, are six piles of silver dollars, each pile exactly the same height. The man across from him rises and pushes his chair back. He turns and walks through the door and the blue smoke, past the rummy players and the pool tables and out onto the street. He has lost his money, but he'll be back.

But when he does come back he won't play poker in the back room. Instead he'll sit down outside the door and play rummy for a quarter a hand. He'll play for a quarter a hand as if it meant his life, and all the time he'll hear from the back room and the poker game the sound of silver dollar on silver dollar. For days, for weeks, he'll play just outside the door. And because he is a little smarter and a little more cunning and perhaps a little more lucky,

he'll win. Not very much at first but then more and more until finally he has enough to make the poker game in the back room.

There are more just like him out in front of the door. They all play in the same way, thinking out each move slowly and methodically, taking advantage of every percentage. In the back of their minds they imagine themselves as great gamblers, calmly making every draw and every discard a right one. At a quarter a hand in the back of a smoke-ridden pool hall they see themselves winning millions in bright and gleaming casinos and gambling houses. All are playing toward a common objective. Each man hopes he can win enough to take the lofty step through the door into the back room and the poker game. Each man hopes he can get a chance at some really big money. And each man knows deep down inside that he is nothing but a small-time, petty gambler thinking on a big time level.

The Jim House

ALMA BOSTON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, THE SQUALID BLUE-gray tenement house has always commanded the North Neil Street approach to downtown Champaign. Some of the old duffers claim that Abe Lincoln once slept there around 1850. You see, back in the good old days, the Jim House, as it is called now, was the St. James Hotel—*finest hotel in Central Illinois*. But it's changed now—no longer boasting the title, *finest hotel*, but only *Champaign's eyesore and public disgrace*. Real estate brokers say nearby property values are lowered by the firetrap; firemen say it's been in fire half a dozen times and "won't burn." Some people call it indestructible.

Often, when I was in that neighborhood, I would take a few extra minutes and walk by the three-story frame Jim House. Playing in the south yard facing the Big Four tracks were the grimy, dirt-streaked moppets who called the place home. As I circled the building on one of these visits, I saw jagged, broken windows stuffed with yellow, crumbling newspaper. From an upstairs window tattered lace curtains flapped in the wind.

Passing the main entrance, I peered into the smoky gloom of the dim passageway. A greasy G. E. light bulb dangled from a drop cord, its feeble yellow glare making a half-hearted attempt to light up the hallway. The faded, mottled wallpaper that clung in patches to the plaster was streaked and blistered by dripping water. Tacked along one wall were cigar boxes that served as mail boxes for the sixty-five people crowded into the Jim House. From the evidence of the scratched and J. M. and A. S. initialed stair rail, it had always been under the pocket knives of the youngsters.

As I walked on around the north side of the structure, I looked up at the

roof that appeared like a homemade patch-quilt with its five different shades of green tar paper.

In the backyard were veritable mountains of ashes. There was no central heating in the Jim House and not much plumbing, I gathered, from the scummy pools of dishwater that trickled their way down to the boneyard running along the railroad.

After such an afternoon visit, I often thought of the Jim House as an old man waiting for something to happen to him—death, perhaps.

Yesterday, I went down that way again to see if the Jim House still held a sort of nostalgia for me. But there wasn't anything there except a neat parking lot that had been smoothed over and graded by a nearby bulldozer. A few blue-gray boards with square nails and wooden pegs in them hinted that something might have been there before. Here and there in the soft dirt half-buried red bricks jutted up into the sunshine. Only a broad unobscured view of a parking lot remained.

The city planners had their wish. The old society matrons could boast their triumph. The sanitation department need worry no longer. Yes, the Jim House was gone. And gone with it was a striking bit of Champaign history and, I believe, a piece of my heart.

Rhet as Writ

I was invited to dinner, consisting of college football coaches and sports writers.

* * *

I stood there in amazement with my eyes resting on the score board.

* * *

More often we spent the night in some unfrequented cove where we could sin and talk unobserved.

* * *

We in the United States are now in the mist of a great basketball tournament.

* * *

Gambling is evil. It has to be counteracted from the beginning. The small games of chance have led our men to bigger games, such as roulette and then into politics.

* * *

Air transport is used for the propagation of the human race.

* * *

A quizling is usually thought of as a little quiz.

* * *

BLACK BOY is in the form of a simple direct interesting story that appeals to the emotional instincts of the reader.